

to those who were always here was, perhaps, not visible. Most important was the study of the fine arts, and all study that would tend to counteract the hurry and scuffle which characterize our time. To interest the people in art was of the first consequence,—without a sympathising public it was useless to expect progress in the arts. It was not because Greece was free that art reached there so noble an elevation, but because all participated in the enjoyment of it and could appreciate its efforts. Some had said that England was too democratic for the arts: this he must regard as a calumny against free institutions, or a calumny against art: he denied it wholly, as he could never believe that free thought, free word, and free action were opposed to the progress of art. The great obstacle to its progress amongst us was a want of sympathy, which had been produced by the separation of art from the purposes of ordinary life. There could be no lack of power in England: poetry and eloquence were not wanting in England, then why should art be, which was but another form of poetry—the poetry of form? Our insulated position, which drove us to the practical, had, perhaps, something to do with our backwardness in art. In America there was the same tendency; all travellers were struck with the great progress making there in everything but art; but that would necessarily follow. It was desirable our tourists should regard matters of art differently from what they did. Travellers who had seen all Europe (and in too many cases made all Europe see them) often returned little benefited in this respect. Much of that one-sidedness which once characterised England was, however, fortunately disappearing, and we were more willing than formerly to learn, no matter from what source. A great move was being made, and it was surely worth while to strive to form a truly English school. To raise art, we must elevate the artist. If we looked to the annals of Greece we found the artist the counsellor and friend of the ruler: so also in Rome. In the middle ages, too, when new institutions grew up, we found artists, if not in the state, in the church: in the bosom of the church the greatest artists and preservers of art were nurtured; while all around were war and struggling, there they found peace—the promoter of art. Art never died in England, though it was sick; there was twilight, but never perfect night. As in the Athenian game, where the torch was handed from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, without being extinguished, so art was never lost, but still transmitted. As the church became corrupted, another society for the preservation of art arose within it. Those who looked at the noble works left by architecture necessarily asked how it was that, while in other respects society was retrograding, such wonderful buildings were raised. These were the work of a confederacy who had their own laws and powers, preserving inviolate the secrets of their art. There was a story recorded of an architect murdering the son of a bishop because he had communicated the secret to another. Their statutes were preserved in a town in Germany to this day, and shewed great coincidence with ancient German architecture as we now see it. Succeeding these, as communicators of art, continued Mr. Wyse, we find the Italian schools, each depending on one master, and following his rules. This accounted for the numbers of what are called Guido's and Caracci's, which are of the school only,—executed by pupils of these masters, and in some cases touched or finished by them. This was not an organization like the church, but approximated to the philosophic schools of Greece, from each of which proceeded a body of doctrine. During this time artists lost nothing of their importance with the state: Raffaele might be seen descending the steps of the Vatican with as noble a band of followers and disciples as any prince; and Brunelleschi might be heard calling boldly on the Florentines to attempt great works. A short time only had elapsed since he (the speaker) had read the noble preamble with which, in the fourteenth century, the Florentines commenced the record of the foundation of their great church. It would be well if our senators, at this moment especially, could hear how this small state spoke. The preamble said, that considering it was of the

utmost importance for a state to shew by its outward works its inward wisdom, they had commanded Arnolphe to commence a church, &c. Only a few nights before Mr. Barry had been accused of occupying ten years in the erection of the intended senate-house. This church in Florence took 230 years in building. But did the Florentines hesitate or fear? No. Every artist who could aid in producing excellence was encouraged to come forward: time was not considered, expense was not considered. They spent more money upon it than they had on all their wars, and food was taxed expressly in aid of the funds for completing this church. The same spirit was apparent all over Italy; they had a stout heart, and full confidence that art would never be wanting to the state, and would pay back all that was spent upon it.

The speaker went on to trace the progress of schools. Louis XIV., although a mock Augustus, made up of contrivances and shams, led to the recognition of the value of art and the worth of artists in his reign. In the Netherlands, at the same time, we know that artists were commissioned as ambassadors, and stood in the first rank. We come to England, and there we find art merely permitted, not ennobled. The orthodoxy of *whitewash* was deemed of more importance than art: the painter was shut out from the church. Where should such severity end? If painted glass be admitted, why not painted walls? If music, why not sculpture? The artist was driven from the high places: the upholsterer took the place of the architect. Look in the country-houses of the aristocracy, where in truth our aristocracy reign, and what do we find? Little but family portraits, or subjects foreign to our sympathies. Our own noble history is lost sight of, affording as it does countless subjects for illustrations. Look in our courts of law, still no art. A lining of deal painted to look like oak is the utmost we could expect to find. When every now and then an isolated instance of one of our own nobles encouraging art did occur, a great cry was raised of the patronage afforded by our aristocracy. Patronage! why one single cardinal of Rome had done more than all our aristocracy together. And now when the barrier had been broken down, and, in our new chambers of legislature, we were about to afford an asylum to art, murmurs were heard and cries for undue haste. The discussion in the House, however, had shewn how few there now were who refused a recognition of the claims of art. Now that artists had an opening afforded them to assist their country, the question of preparation must be considered. They should occupy themselves with their books as well as their pencil. They should get the language, the grammar of their art of course, and then strive to compose. The mechanical art of painting was of itself little. The question to every picture should be, what does this tell me? Whether landscape or figure piece, it should still have a soul, and speak to the soul. An artist must be educated: to produce mere transcripts of nature is not sufficient, and it was to be wished that they should give a short time to the study of hooks every day.

Cornelius had told him, that when he wanted inspiration, he opened Shakespeare, and there he always found it. They might rely upon it, that such a practice would give elevation of thought, and lead them above works which belonged only to the ephemeral day. These were not the object of art. They could not all be Shakespeares and Raffaeles, but all could aid in inspiring a love for such men, and that was much: all could make the men about them better, and that was more. Praise had been given to those who made two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before: he would say, that to make two minds think who had never thought before was a nobler act, and should be more highly lauded.

He earnestly hoped, before the year was out, to see that these influences were felt: he would like to find that they were so by an annual publication of art, which might rank with those of Germany and France. In this all might help—there should be no diffidence, no lukewarmness; and he would say to those who considered they were unable to render such assistance—despair not, but do.

STONE AND BRICK & STUCCO.

Two letters having appeared in your paper upon the use of cements for the ornamental features of architecture, I am desirous to add some remarks, if you will allow me to do so.

To what extent and for what purposes it is fit to use cements or stuccoes in architectural works, is an inquiry of more importance than is generally supposed, and to which the architects of the present day have not given sufficient attention in an æsthetical respect—that is to say, as relates to the art of architectural design in its department of fine art.

It is a subject that may be considered theoretically and practically, but it is the theory that we have chiefly to do with in this discussion, and if we can establish a correct theory, the practical application will easily follow, although it may not always be possible to carry out the theory to its full extent, in consequence of circumstances which sometimes arise, and imperatively demand that theory shall give way to practical necessity. We may attempt to theorize too much, but we may also be too careless about theoretical principles, and this latter fault is now more common than the other. It should be borne in mind that it is only by a judicious union of the theoretical and practical principles that complete excellence can be attained, and that by dividing them, the result cannot be more than a partial and inferior degree of excellence.

It is not necessary to mount up to the first causes of architectural forms, and to say, that because this or that feature was originally executed in stone or wood, it should therefore be so now—such a theory as this would do away with art altogether, because the fine arts are in their nature not merely imitative, but consist in a refined idealization of natural objects; therefore, although it is desirable to have a knowledge of the causes from which architectural features sprang, it is only requisite to consider what materials will most conduce to the beauty and dignity of art, when executing those refinements of original forms which characterize the art of architecture.

It is often said, and the opinion is oftener exemplified in practice, that it is of no consequence what the material is so long as the effect is produced; but this is a shallow conclusion, and only raises the question whether the effect produced by a building erected with a material covered over with cement is equal to the effect produced by a building erected in a different material, and not covered over with cement? and moreover, whether the cemented building, if highly ornamented, would be equal in effect to the other building much less ornamented? Now if it is supposed that the effect of stone can be obtained by the use of cement, it is erroneous, for the practised eye at once detects the difference, and less experienced persons see it with a slight examination. The effect produced on the mind by the sight of hard and solid materials, evidently forming part of the solid walling of a structure, is that of strength and durability, besides a feeling of satisfaction at perceiving that what you behold is a reality and no pretence, and these are pleasurable sensations; but if, on the contrary, the mind recognizes the fact, that what is seen is a mere coating, a mere application of a thin and soft material to the surface, these sensations are lost, and others of a lower degree arise. In contemplating the marble temples of Greece and Rome, and other buildings of acknowledged superiority, the nature of their material much enhances their effect, and the mere idea of their being erected in stuccoed brick is a great descent in the scale of pleasure. The doubt created in the mind by a cemented surface, especially where it is intended to deceive the eye, is always unpleasant, and indeed the material itself, however used for decorative purposes, is of such an artificial nature that it cannot engender similar ideas to those which arise from the use of naturally solid bodies.

Architecture, as a most noble branch of fine art, should disdain all false effects, and should, on account of the largeness and costliness of its works, always present to the eye the ideas of strength and durability: whether light or massive, elegant or grand, it should not allow